

tained by Mr. and Mrs. Ted Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Al Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Chet Little, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newburn, and others. But the Salladays were out of this world in their utmost hospitality. While in that region I got to meet many grand people, many of whom I've only known via mail, Elsie Morris Allen, Rev. Don Mills, and a host of others. I was also happy to become acquainted with Vytautas Jankus, who now teaches at the University of Seattle. Vyts is one of the refugees, who, while he was in Paris, we sent some help, and now, we met him in person. The Rev. Joseph Dakin is another refugee Lithuanian who now resides in Seattle and who was kind enough to drive me around to introduce me to various Lithuanian families of Seattle. We spent a wonderful afternoon in Kopa Chuck Lodge, an enchanting vacation spot across the sound near Tacoma, whose waters teemed with fish in the millions. Bob Starkey, owner of the lodge, was a most generous host and treated us to pleasures long to be remembered. We also spent a pleasurable day with Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hager, Dir. of Health and Phys. Education in the Tacoma Schools. Mr. Hager drove us out to Enumclaw, which we reached passing through immense patches of cultivated strawberry and blackberry stretches. In the spring, particularly around Puyallup, that section is a spot of garrish color, for it is the center of dafodil cultivation. The whole vicinity is lovely to behold, with mount Reinier serving as a background. Majestic Mt. Reinier seems to be ever present no matter where one is in Washington. He seems to be right outside of Tacoma and right outside of Seattle, even tho in reality it is 65 miles removed. The mountain makes an awesome picture for the cities on the Sound.

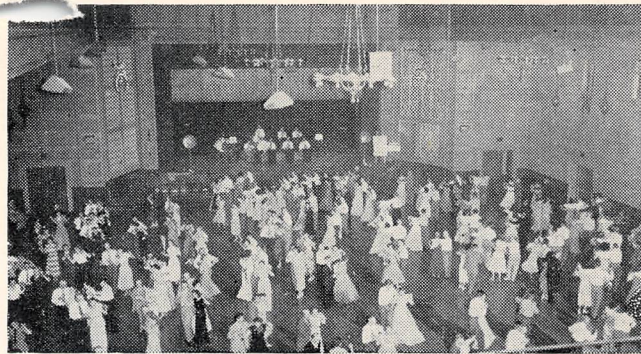
Seattle is a beautiful city. Water interlacing throughout the city and within sight everywhere. Hills even higher than those of San Francisco, dot the urban area. Trees and flowers are plentiful and the weather during the summer is unbelievable moderate with 86 above being the hottest day of the year. I've been told, tho, that when it rains, it does so months without stop. We were lucky all around — weather and meeting new and wonderful friends.

After one of the sessions I had the honor of being counted one of the guests of Eleanor King at her studio. Miss King is one of this country's outstanding dancers and a genuine person. She presented an impromptu program and entertained us with refreshments. It was a pleasure to know her personally.

We left Seattle on July 22nd, going through Tacoma and Olympia, Washington Capitol city, and we arrived in Portland that same afternoon. While in Seattle, I was also interviewed over a radio station. Also, during one of the classes, I was visited by Mr. Sam Zlibinas-Dean, a brother of my good Chicago friends. Mr. Dean is now a retired officer from the United States Marines and he has been with the Marines for 30 years. He makes his home in Bremerton, Wash.

Ill Luck In Oregon.

Our stay in Portland was brief, but hectic. We had a class with the group sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. Art Gibbs. They have the noted Old Time dance which meets every Saturday at the beautiful Masonic Hall. His clientele averages in the over 50 age group (plenty people in the late seventies). They come formally gowned and some most elegantly, and do old time ball room dances. Some of the old timers have a most interesting style and it is a pleasure to watch them. To my surprise, they



The above picture was taken during my visit in Portland, showing a small part of the guest who attend the sessions sponsored by Art and Metha Gibbs. During the winter season as many as a thousand attend the sessions of old time dances. On that day, inspite of August Heat, 450 attended. Because of the heat, the men were permitted to dance minus their jackets, otherwise, everything is extremely formal. The dancers are doing a Varsouvienne.

we were very receptive to my "foreign dances", and considering the age of some of the dancers, they danced mighty well.

Portland was very mean to us. While we were teaching upstairs, Arden's car was broken into and they robbed him of his clothes, his cash money which he had hoped to use in Mexico, and an expensive camera which he borrowed for the trip. They didn't take my clothes, but they cleaned out the pockets, took the citizenship papers, my checks accumulated for my teaching and subscriptions to VILTIS, other papers and also a book of receipts in which I had the addresses of people who paid for books I was to send once I reached Stockton. There was also in the same envelope about 5 dollars worth of stamps and they also took my pen and pencil, both presents. Naturally, we were very upset. A week later, while in Stockton, my checks and citizenship papers were returned. They used 18 cents worth of stamps to return, that was mighty nice of those thieves, but since I supplied them with stamps I wish they would have also returned the addresses of the people who purchased the books. I sure was grateful to the loving God for directing them to do this act of kindness.

The lighter side on the "returned loot" deal concerns the envelope. When one of my friends inquired, how one says "Good Bye" in Lithuanian, I retorted that we have no such word which assumed the connotation of the "good bye" meaning, instead we have, "Sudiev", which means: "Go with God" (God be thy guide), or "Pasimatysim". "Surely we shall see each other again". That he may see what the word looks like, I wrote it out on the envelope which contained the checks and papers. The same envelop came back with the word staring me right in the eyes. A good thing I didn't write on it "good bye". It might have been.

We left Portland for Stockton, Cal. and we traveled via Mt. Hood, another huge, ever-snow-capped mountain. On Mt. Hood's slopes, we stopped for a while to pick wild strawberries. That same evening we reached the most enchanting Crater Lake. We traveled through neval fields where the snow, even at the end of July, was yet about 8 feet high. The heights of the road unfolded a beautiful panorama further enhanced by the setting of the sun. While the lake itself in the mouth of a volcano, was of great interest to me.

During our brief stay in Oregon we enjoyed hospitality of our former Indiana friends, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Myers and Lloyd Mallet. We also got to see Wick Hauser again and others met on previous occasion.

Oregon, which gave us such an ill reception, also did the same with gas, the gasoline contained a high percentage of water. We barely rode two miles when we got stalled in the Klamath Indian reservation. We didn't know what the trouble might be, thought perhaps the fuel pump. I hiked back to town to get a new one. We took the car apart and replaced the fuel pump. It was then we discovered water. We were towed back to town in Arden's brand new car bought especially for the trip. Hours were wasted. We were finally on the road and we were glad to leave Oregon behind us. We are not on speaking terms with Oregon. Mount Shasta, in Northern California, glittering in the sun, was like a welcome greeter in a new state which we hoped, would be kinder to us. We traveled through the valley past olive groves and vinyards and we reached Stockton where at the College of the Pacific, the California Folk Dance Federation, sponsored its annual folk dance camp. We stayed there for eleven days.

It's Hot and Cold In California. Stockton Reunion.

To be in Stockton was like "Home Town Week" . . . the gathering of the clan. The old gang was there again and many new friends were made. Among the old there was the Lawton Harris, the Marvin Blanchards, the George Murtons, the Les Geigers, Miriam Lidster, Grace West, Madelynn Greene, Buzz Glass, Walter Grothe, the Minnesotans, Carolyn Mitchell, and actually hundreds of others from all over California, Utah, Washington, Oregon and where not. Of the new friends, which also count in the hundreds, of great delight to me, because of previous knowledge of each other distantly, but not personally, was; Ralph Page, noted caller of New England (Keene, N. H.) and the Herb Greggersons, he, a noted caller from El Paso, Texas. Also, of great pleasure was my opportunity to meet Senor Carlos Rosos, professor of the dance from Mexico City, and his interpreter, Sra Maria De Carli. The week was one not of work, but delight in the fullest sense of the word. The above mentioned people had their own particular senses of humor, plus the fact that Greggerson was from Texas, made ten days a period of continual laughter. Wish I could mention the names of all the wonderful friends, but I do not wish to make it seem as if were a Litany to the Saints. I also wish I could mention and describe all the humorous incidents that took place, some too funny to describe, however, it suffices to say, it was a wonderful week, with many too many things taking place. We barely had chance to see headlines but the war was closing in on us. On the last day of my stay at camp, my companion, Arden Johnson, a Lt. with the National Guard, was notified to report back to Minneapolis. I was greatly grieved. We planned so much about our forthcoming trip to Mexico . . . the places to go and sights to see . . . He had just graduated the University of Minn. A teaching job awaiting him with a Minnesota Jr. High School and everything seemed so promising, then, this war comes along. Arden was a wonderful and most considerate companion, I sure hated to see our plans ruined, but the duty to our wonderful land, the only one like her in the whole world, comes first. We parted with a constant prayer in my heart that the ever loving and merciful God watch over him.

Another Minnesotan from St. Paul, Francis Hanson,



Once again I proudly display my darlin' "augintin-ele" and niece, Nancy Carol Dulys, gone Western. She is now four years old. I'm particularly proud of the fact that she is bi-lingual and speaks Lithuanian as if she just came from overseas.

took over where Johnson left off, while Arden took Hanson's load of passengers back to Minneapolis. With Francis, a Marine vet who saw service in the Pacific and in China, I continued my Californian tour. Before reaching San Francisco we stopped to see Mr. Norman Fraser of San Mateo. Mr. Fraser's only son, Hugh, also a Marine and a buddy of my brother Kazy, was killed on Guam. Now, barely have the wounds healed when another war cuts deep into us. Lord have mercy!

San Francisco, as I expected, was still gorgeously beautiful and intriguing and equally cold. The wind chilled one to the core (and they call Chicago a windy city!). We shivered like aspens in spite of the shining sun of mid August when the rest of the normal world enjoys sun tan at beaches. The only living things one sees in the water in San Francisco are seals at seal rock, and the only reason they are in the water is because they are provided with natural fur coats. San Franciscans sure would look silly swimming in a fur coat. Bad enough they have to wear them on the streets, with noses red as that of Santa Claus. Nevertheless, San Francisco is fascinating.

We left San Francisco to spend three days in Modesto, which is located in the fertile San Joaquin Valley. It is hot country, and we needed the heat to gather enough warmth for the cold days when we were still to return to Frisco.

(To be continued next month)

Pasimatysim — Vyts-Fin

